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# THE SPIRIT



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(Apr)

VOL. I

APRIL, 1912

NO. 3



“THE FAIR



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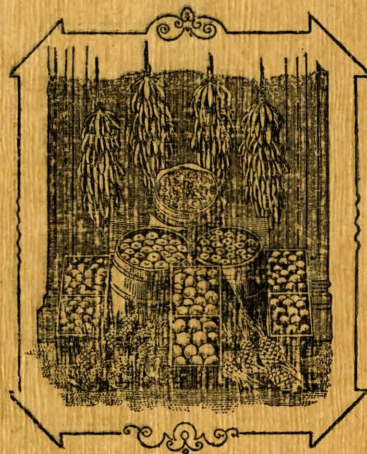
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TO THE  
Class of 1913

Be sure and give  
your local men a  
chance to figure on your

Class Pins  
and Rings  
and Save Money.

C. W. Dudgeon  
JEWELER  
AMES, IOWA



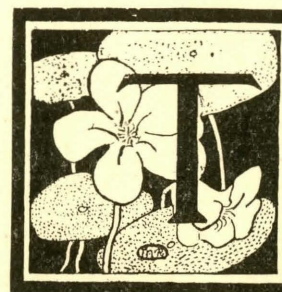
Buy Our Fruits, Ye Shall  
Know Us.

Frank B. Spence  
AMES, IOWA

## THE GHOST OF MORRISTOWN

In three parts.

Part Two.



HE Reverend Harmon turned toward Joel, his strong face with its nice eyes humorously alight at the question "Of course Jerome saw something," he answered, "but I do not believe it was a ghost."

"I reckon not neither," Joel Said, with an air of having settled the ghost question once and for all.

Kiziah Jenkins, who had come in for a jug of molasses, heard these last remarks and when Jerome followed her to the door with the expectation of carrying the jug home for her, she asked. "Who seen a ghost?"

"Me. Say will yew go t' singin' school t'morrow night?"

Kiziah ignored the question. "Do yew believe in ghosts?" she asked.

"Waal I did, but Joel says thar aint, so I reckon thar aint."

Kiziah sniffed. "If Joel said th' moon was made o' porridge puddin' yew'd believe him I reckon."

"Taint progressive t' believe 'n ghosts." There was a wicked twinkle in his eyes. The girl's eyes shot an answering gleam.

"I hear'd Car'line say her father's goin' t' singin' school an' I reckon yew'd better ride a-long o' him. Joel'll be better company 'n me any way."

"Thet's dog mean." He reached out a detaining hand but she was gone. Jerome looked after her, a profane light appeared in his eyes, and he savagely swore vengeance against Joel. He did not go back into the store but started home whistling "Nellie Grey" as though nothing had happened to make his blood boil. And one by one the men followed.

Joel, after saying "s' long" to Abe, went across the road to the chicken yard where he looked all the traps over with an antagonized eye and a mouth which declared war against the weasles before he went into the house.

"Tildy," Joel snorted, as he stopped in the kitchen to hang up the lantern, "do yew believe 'in ghosts?"

"Sakes alive," his wife gasped, "what's th' matter?"

"It's all women folks know any way." And Joel stalked upstairs to bed without satisfying his wife's curiosity in the least.



About midnight he was awakened by the cackling and squawking of frightened fowls.

"Git up, Tildy," he ordered, "an' light the lantern. Sounds like all the weasles 'n creation's out thar."

Matilda never stopped to argue with Joel about anything so she went down stairs and had the lantern and shot gun ready when he came down.

"Be keerful an' dont shoot the chickens stid o' th' weasles," she cautioned as he went out.

It was a dark night with only a white misty moon and for the first time in his life Joel shivered at the wierd moan of the wind. Strangely uneasy he ran down the path, pushed open the gate and went into the yard.

"Gosh-all-hemlock! this air——." His words were suspended in mid-air while with wide horrifiefid eyes he watched a white ghostly form moving about the chicken yard. With an awful drop in his voice Joel finished the sentence—"beats all creation." Then with a howl that would have put to flight a whole army of ghosts he dropped his gun, turned his back and ran.

Matilda, who was standing in the door way, screamed when she saw the two runners—the panting one before and the silent one behind—fled into the house, slammed the door and locked it. Joel choked with fear. This was appalling. The last touch. Why in the name of all that was horrifying had Matilda locked that door. It was inhuman! It was "dirt mean!"

To go to one of the neighbors was the only thing left to do and Joel started for the parsonage. He ran with all his strength but the ghost gained with every step. "Gosh-all-hemlock!" he muttered between gossiping breaths, "thet air ghost's—a reg'lar hoss—a reg'lar hoss! He'll git met—'fore I git—through th' parson's—gate." But it was not until the parson had opened the door in answer to his frantic pounding that Joel turned to see how close the ghost was, and caught a glimpse of a horrid grin as the ghost disappeared behind a row of hedges.

"Man, what's the trouble?" The parson laid a strengthening hand on Joel's shoulder. "Are you sick? Is any one sick?"

"Sick!" Joel snorted, some of his strength coming back. "I reckon if yew'd run a mile er so with a ghost chasin' yew yew'd be somep'n wuss'n sick."

The parson stared. "What do you mean?"

"An' me with th' rheumatiz—"

The parson tightened his grip on Joel's shoulder. "I don't understand. Brother Ridgeway."

"An' my wife lockin' th' door after promisin' t' love, cherish an' obey."

"Man," the parson shouted. "What is the matter?"

"None o' yer durn' business." Then a glimmer of the old twinkle came into Joel's eyes, and he told the parson of the horrors of that midnight hour. "I'm no spring lamb," he finished, in answer to the parson's ringing laugh, "an' it sartinly ain't no fun t' gallop. An' yew'd better pray stid o' laughin' fer th' day o' judgment's comin' an' I'm goin' t' git a divorce fer it gits here."

—Jean Dillabeaux.

(To be concluded.)

## A DUCK SHOOT

Two years ago this spring the ice in the river was slow in breaking up but a warm spell finally came which took it away and brought the ducks north.

Byron Rice, his brother, and I were planning a duck shoot and when they began to come in good shape we fixed the launch and got everything else ready.

One Saturday morning about half past three the old alarm clock on the shelf played the part of the rooster and Myron immediately stopped it with a shoe. We then proceeded to crawl out of bed and after a quick breakfast we cooped up the decoy ducks and went down to the river.

Myron and his brother were both thick-set fellows and did not look as though they had ever been starved. Both had on hip-boots and each had a fine double-barrel. I was equipped the same as my friends. We dumped the ducks into the launch and after a bit of coaxing we got the engine to run.

The marshes where we shot the ducks were about five miles up the Wapsie river from Quasqueton and about the same from Independence down the river.

In about an hour in which we had considerable trouble with the engine we arrived at the marshes and after making the boat fast to a tree we each took some decoys and walked over to the best marsh. When the strings were tied to the ducks legs and the anchors in the mud, as we had them tied to horse shoes, we built our blinds and were ready for all the ducks in the country.

We had not been waiting long when one of the decoys let out a squawk and a big flock came sailing towards us. Just as they were about to alight our guns set up a big noise and six of them splashed into the water floating among our decoys until we waded out and gathered them up. We had hardly got out of sight when Myron spied a flock coming over the tree tops.

"Lay low now," he said.



"Alright," we both replied, and the ducks were then so near that we could hear their quack, so we kept quiet until they were within gun shot. Myron and I both missed a duck that time but we got four out of that bunch which was not bad. Things went on in this way for about an hour when I saw an old goose and five of his tribe sail toward us.

"Play you are in church," I hollowed, "until they get us close." No duck living would ever have known there was anything wrong about that marsh as we kept so quiet. They sailed around for a long time but finally the decoys persuaded them to come and see how the water was and as they splashed in we each took one and left the other three for some one else.

The flock that gave us the most sport was a flock of about one hundred and fifty canvas-backs, which the decoys saw and began quacking to. The leader evidently had been a target for some hunter before as he kept quacking and circling around over us for about fifteen minutes but finally he seemed convinced that every thing was as it ought to be and we heard his flock splash into the water at the other end of the pond and swim toward our decoys. This was just what we were all wishing for and when they were within nice gun shot we let them have it and eight of them stayed to visit us for a while. I must have given the old leader too big a load of lead for I noticed that he did not fly off with the rest and no wonder for when I picked him up he looked just like a sieve. After a few more shots at some teal and blue-bill we pulled our decoys and after taking them out to the launch returned for the dead ducks. On counting them we had thirty nine mallards, a goose a piece and a few smaller ones.

About six o'clock Myron began coaxing the engine again but it was of no use. It would not run. We did not want to stay there all night so we pushed off and let the current carry us down. In about two hours we landed at the dock and after unloading our guns and ducks began investigating the engine. After some time I thought to look at the batteries which I found to be disconnected in one place. —Norris Brintnall '14.

### IF I WERE YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE

If I were a bird  
These beautiful days  
I'd sing and I'd sing  
For the "Spirit."  
If I were a man  
In these busy times  
I'd put all my a's  
In the "Spirit,"

If I were a wife  
With household cares  
I'd read between work  
In the "Spirit."  
If I were a member  
Of Ames High School  
I'd work and I'd work  
For the "Spirit."  
If I were you  
Whoever you are  
I'd subscribe at once  
For the "Spirit."

—Hazel Johnson '12.

### COUSINS, CONFUSION AND CONTENTMENT

"Oh Mother!" and Betty ran joyously upstairs to her mother's room. "I have just received a letter from cousin Jack at Ann Arbor, asking me to the foot ball game between Ann Arbor and Madison. And oh mother can I go?" Betty was all excited, and all of this was said in one breath.

"Well my dear," said Mrs. Whitmore calmly, "Sit down and we will talk the matter over. It has been so long since you saw your cousin, that I doubt very much whether you would know him or not."

"Oh well that doesn't make any difference," exclaimed Betty excitedly. "I'm simply crazy about that game, and to think I have at last got a chance to go." Betty jumped up and down, at the very thought of it.

"Well we'll see. We had better talk it over with your father tonight." Mrs. Whitmore appeared as though she took very little interest in the matter, but in her own heart, she was planning for her daughter to enjoy a visit with her cousin at college. Of course they had not seen each other since they were mere children but why should that be a hindrance?

When Mr. Whitmore came home, the matter was again brought up, and finally it was decided that Betty should go. So the acceptance was sent, and immediately plans were being made for a visit to Ann Arbor. She would have to leave Midland about 10 o'clock a. m. Friday and get into Ann Arbor about 6:30 p. m.

At the same time in a little village a few miles from the place where Betty Whitmore lived, the following letter was being discussed by a girl about twenty and her two maiden aunts:

Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept. 25, 19—

My Dear Betty:—



No doubt you will be some what surprised to hear from this long lost sheep, and even now will have to look at the end of this letter to know who is writing it. To save you this trouble I will tell you that it is your cousin and childhood playmate, Johnathan Andrew Southerland, or Jack.

I have been planning for some time to pay you a visit, but have failed to find the time, so now I'm going to ask you to come and pay me a visit. You know Ann Arbor is going to play Madison next Saturday and I should like very much to have you come and attend the game with me. I have looked up railroad connections, and you can leave Harrison about 5:30 a. m. and get here some time between 5:00 and 6 p. m.

I will have my roommate meet you as I have a class until 5:30 that day. I will expect a reply from you soon.

Your cousin,

Jack Southerland.

"Well," said Aunt Sarah, "It's about time we were hearing from him, I haven't seen him since he was a little chap, but if he is as good now as he was then, I don't see why we shouldn't let Betty go, do you Jane?"

"I reckon not," and Aunt Jane closed her eyes like a drowsy cat, and resumed her nap.

Betty, however, was picturing herself with cousin Jack, at the ball game. She had never attended one and she was the kind of a girl who enjoys a good time. But would she know her cousin if she should see him? She had a faint recollection of him as a barefoot boy when they used to make mud pies together. Jack said he would send his roommate to meet her; that would be worse yet. Well, she could find him some way.

With the consent of both her aunts Betty Douglas, wrote to Jack Southerland, accepting his invitation.

"Don't forget, Bob, 5:30," said Jack Southerland as he was leaving his room.

"Oh, I say now Jack, you don't mean to say that you're going away without even telling me what she looks like, I might get the wrong girl," said his roommate a little bit frightened.

"Well hang it all," said Jack turning on his heel, "I don't know what she looks like, haven't seen her for ten years; but she's got dark hair and brown eyes, and I imagine she'll be dressed in brown," and he again started for the door.

"What did you say her name was?" asked Bob, after his roommate was half way down the stairs.

"Betty," and Jack was out of sight.

"Betty? Betty what?" asked Bob to himself remembering that he had never heard her last name, just Betty. But he could find her some way.

At five o'clock Bob was at the depot. At 5:15 a train from the west came in. Bob looked at his watch, a little bit early he muttered to himself as he approached the train.

Girls! Girls! Girls! There seemed to be nobody but girls. Could he find her among so many? Well, he could wait until all the rest of them had gone and take the one that was left.

In a few minutes the crowd was on the other end of the platform, and Bob caught sight of a little brown figure standing apart from the rest of the crowd. She appeared to be looking for some one. Yes that must be she.

Bob quickly approached the girl and lifting his cap he said: "Is this Miss—— Miss—— well—is this Betty?"

"Oh yes, and I'm so glad to see you cousin Jack," she said breathlessly, as she extended her hand.

"But I'm not your cousin, I'm his roommate. He was busy and could not come," explained Bob.

"Oh, I see, well it doesn't make any difference," said Betty smilingly.

When they reached the boarding house, Jack had just arrived. He saw them coming down the walk and hurried to meet them.

"I should have known you among a thousand, Betty," he said after shaking her hand. "I'm mighty glad you came."

After a short visit with Jack, Betty was shown to her room, by the landlady. After taking off her hat, she lay down on the bed to rest, thinking what a grand looking fellow her cousin was, and almost wishing her was not her cousin.

About 5:20 the same afternoon, Jack Whitmore, Betty Whitmore's cousin, was at the train to meet her. "That train must be late," he thought to himself as he sat down to wait until it came.

"I wonder what Betty looks like," he thought. "She used to be a pretty cute little kid. Hope I don't fall in love with her like Dick Dodson did last spring when he brought his cousin down to see him graduate."

There was a shrill whistle outside and the train came rumbling in. Jack was on the spot in an instant looking for Betty. Passengers kept coming and coming and along toward the last Jack saw a girl all alone. She had on a blue traveling suit, and a big white felt hat. He had her picked out to be Betty and ran to meet her.

"Hello Betty, is that you?" he asked lifting his cap and extending his hand.

The girl gave him an indignant look and paused a moment. "Why yes—, but—"

"What's the matter don't you know me?"

"Why how absurd, how could I know you when you're



Jack's roommate and—"

"Jack's roommate?" he interrupted, "I'm not Jack's roommate, I'm Jack himself."

"Oh Jack! I thought you were going to send your roommate to meet me," she said excitedly.

"What put such a silly notion into your head," said Jack, "but come on we'll be late for supper." And they started for the boarding house.

In the dining room Jack started to introduce Betty to his friends:

"Mr. Gibson, meet my cousin, Miss Whitmore."

Betty gave Jack a surprised look. "Stupid," she said, "You must have me mixed up with some of your lady friends. My name is Miss Douglas."

Jack looked at her in blank amazement and stammered, "Miss Douglas, well who are you?"

Me? Why I am Betty Douglass. Who are you?" she said teasingly.

"I'm Jack Whitmore," It was Betty's turn for surprise.

"Aren't you cousin Jack?" she cried beginning to be frightened.

"I'm cousin Jack but I don't know whether I'm your cousin Jack or not. Who is your cousin Jack?" he asked trying to smooth matters.

"Jack Southerland. Oh you horrid thing, why didn't you tell me who you were?" and Betty burst into tears.

"Calm yourself," said Jack beginning to get interested, "where does your cousin live?"

"Oh, I don't know," sobbed Betty, "I don't even know what he looks like."

"I know him," spoke up one of the men at the table, he stays at Green's over on the west side."

This was one consolation to Betty. "Oh do take me to him —can't you telephone?"

"Yes" returned Jack, but let's have supper first, then I'll take you to him." He was becoming interested in this little girl, and was really glad she was not her cousin, but he had forgotten all about his own little cousin Betty.

The telephone gave a sharp ring and the land lady answered it.

"Hello."

"Yes." Mr. Whitmore you are wanted at the telephone.

"Hello" said Jack.

"Yes."

"Yes." I've got her. Is my Betty over there?"

"Well that's a good one."

"Then you'll bring her over here this evening."

"All right. Goodbye."

Betty was all right now and she sat down and ate her supper.

About seven thirty Jack Southerland and Betty Whitmore appeared.

"Oh, Jack!" "Why Betty little girl!" "Oh I'm so glad I've found you" and during the confusion they straightened themselves out. The girls were glad to know each other and the boys who had never met before, knew that there was to be an everlasting friendship between them.

The two couples spent a happy evening on the front porch of the boarding house. It was decided that the girls should stay together that night, and before the party broke up it was also decided that they should all attend the foot ball game together.

After the girls had retired, they lay awake talking. There had been too much excitement that day for them to drop off to sleep without discussing things from the very beginning.

Oh I think Jack Whitmore is just simply grand," said Betty Douglas.

"He isn't any more than Jack Southerland," replied Betty Whitmore. "He was so good to me, even after he found out we were not consins."

"Oh Betty! do you really suppose——"

"Yes I really do" interrupted Betty Whitmore, giving her new friend an enthusiastic little hug. "I really think so" and the two girls dropped off to sleep, each happy in her own thoughts, that they might all be cousins after all.

—Ione Hauser '14.

## UNEXPECTED COMPANY

Didn't study that far—

Lesson too long.

Didn't understand that part—

Late Hours.

## ACROSTIC

(B)ernice Ricketts.

G(L)en Muirs.

Ira Arth(U)r.

Mike Grif(F)ith.

Bob Lef(F)ler.

Ramey Jon(E)s.

"Short" (R)ussell.

Les (S) Lynch.

Tell it to somebody else. They were "fussing."



# THE SPIRIT

Vol. 1

APRIL 1912

No. 3

Published four times a year by the Students in the interests  
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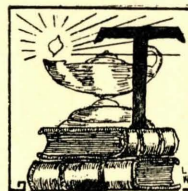
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HERE is much satisfaction over the results of the recent school election of the Independent District of Ames. L. C. Tilden and Professor Meeker were elected by very complimentary majorities to fill the vacancies left by Mr. Wasser and Professor Noble who retire from the board with the good will of the public whom they have faithfully served.

L. C. Tilden was raised in this community and is a graduate of Ames High in 1882. He is now one of the most prominent business men in Ames and has always been working for her best interests.

Professor Meeker, head of the Mechanical Engineering department has been a great aid to the college during the erection of buildings and will be of equally great service to the board

and public in the erection and equipment of the new High School building.

With such men on the school board, the public is confident of the success they will make in the accomplishment of the new plans for the betterment of our school.

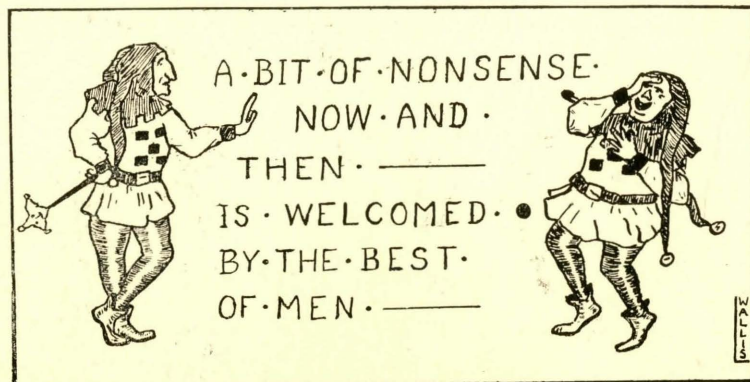
Everyone is interested in the coming athletic season; especially so since Ames High is to have both track and base ball. It is well that we are interested, but we should not stop there, for it takes more than a passing interest to bring the most beneficial results from athletics during a season. If we cultivate this interest until it becomes "Pep" then things are bound to move.

This finished product can be applied in many ways. Every one can, and should, talk up the events, go to the games or meets, and help boost the team at all times. In times past, not enough people have turned out to the High School events. Why not make a record this year by everybody going to every event he can possibly attend. This increase of enthusiasm would not only help greatly at these games; but it would encourage and strengthen the whole tone of the school.

## A LESSON IN ENGLISH

"When the English tongue we speak.  
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak."  
Will you tell me why its true.  
We say "sew" but likewise "few."  
And the fashioner of verse.  
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse."  
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard."  
"Cord" is different from "word."  
"Cow" is cow but "low" is low.  
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."  
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose."  
And of "goose" and also "choose."  
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb."  
"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."  
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say."  
Why not "paid" and "said" I pray.  
Wherefor "done" but "gone" and "tone."  
Is there any reason known?"





Druggist: "Johnny, your mother just telephoned that she had the toothache. Will you take this up to her?"  
Johnny: "Oh gowan! her teeths false."

Miss Bray: "Give an example of an interrogative pronoun, Glen."

Glen (hearing his name): "What?"  
Miss Bray: "Correct."

#### THE HANDSOME ONES

Orvi(L)le Emery.  
"Egg(I)e" Wallis.  
Fr (A)nk Mixa  
Ka (R)l Clapper

Miss Crawford: "Translate 'The Child gets sick and dies.'"  
Pupil: "Das kind—Now what shall I do."  
Miss Crawford: "Get sick."

Wanted: Some one to tell L. P. and G. M. that the desks and seats in the high school are only made for one each.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM SENIOR GERMAN

"Mike" Griffith: "Elizabeth took her little curls from her lap."  
Anita Meltzer: "Fred grew up behind the house."  
Tillie Schlissel: "The boy departed carrying heavy hearts."

#### SLIPS OF THE TONGUE

Chas. Story: "They stabbed him with the year 1630."  
Dick Conaway: "The King turned to Greece."  
"Red" Hart: "The gunpowder plot was to blow out the king."

Seniors aren't always exempt from the Joke Book even if they do think the following:

The Seniors here are brave and bold  
The Freshies weak and small  
But it has never yet been told  
Why the Juniors live at all.

—By a Senior.

#### ADS

##### Wanted—

To know the average age of faculty. Something to make us grow.—(?)—(?)

More earnestness on the south side of the assembly room—Teachers.

Different seat in History VI.—C. Read.

Something to overcome my timidity.—Sarah McElyea.

Something to make the clock go faster last period.—German Student.

Something to keep me on my feet in History VI.—Ira Arthur.

##### For Sale—

Information on how to keep from flunking.—Roger Williams.

Knowledge by the peck.—Seniors.

Poems.—Lula Gray.

Bull Dog! Will eat anything especially green articles. Apply to Juniors.

Book on how to grow tall.—Harriette Wilkinson.

Part of my wisdom in Alg. IV.—C. Gleason.

My patent on giggling—Florence Watkins.

Given Away on Receipt of a T. L.: The curl in the middle of my forehead.—C. Roach.

##### Losts—

A fountain pen, by a student half full.

Nothing like tooting your own horn!

Edith Curtiss: "Oh, Warren I have the grandest T. L. for you."

Warren: "My goodness, tell me."

"Edith Curtiss: "Someone said you were good looking."

Warren: "Oh, I'm just wild to know who?"

Edith Curtiss: "A blind man."

One Twin fell down at Mattie's feet  
She couldn't tell which but he looked so sweet  
Mattie blushing helped him to rise  
He hopped up and coyly looked into her eyes  
"Thank you" he murmured in accents low  
Mattie's heart fluttered—she loved him so.



Miss Knudson: "Will Davis, what tense was that?"  
Violet (answering): "Perfect."  
She seems to know her name.

Teacher: "Ralph, who was Pluto?"  
Ralph: "God of the Internal Region."

Miss Bray (comparing adj.): "If its the top its the top and it can't be any topper."

Whom the teachers try to work  
Seldom work at all  
But all the time they the teachers work  
From spring till early fall (?)

Quiz: If one loaned a quarter to the Twins and both said they weren't the one what would one do?

Teacher: "What is the largest diamond?"  
Small Boy: "Ace."

#### WOULDN'T IT SEEM STRANGE (?)

If Thora should poison "Ivy."  
If Bailey Waltmire fell down stairs.  
If Cliff Read was short.  
If Helen went to Nevada "to see her Grandmother who will often 'Wright.'"  
If Miss Bray didn't get in the Joke Book.  
If Ada hadn't a temper.  
If "Ike" wore ear rings.  
If cases weren't shown in faces.

Miss Crawford (assisting in translation): "The stones in the graveyard struck him." (Talk about your miracles!)

Miss Johnson (in History to Ira putting on ear ring):  
"Are you trying to mock the girls, Ira?"  
"Duke": "Well I want to look pretty."

#### ALG. IV CLASS NOTES

Miss Wakefield: "What is a case."  
Nothing audible save a long sigh from Ada.

Miss Bray: "Stephen, what is the subject of this sentence  
—That that that that that girl passed was a noun is true."  
Stephen: "That."  
Miss Bray: "What that?"  
Stephen: "That that."

Bernis Meltzer: "The God did not like what his wife had done so he killed her and buried her alive."

A stranger was visiting town and saw the word Lynch at the Arbor.

"Why how funny!" she exclaimed.  
"I never saw lunch spelled that way before."

Miss Crawford (in Latin class): "Marion, what does it mean here where it says dextrae iungere dextram, or to join right hand with right hand?"

Marion: "It means something about marriage doesn't it?"

### EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Scarlet and Black, Centerville: You have a fine cover design and also some good stories.

The H. H. S., Hawarden: Why mix your advertisements and reading matter, as you do?

The Bulletin, Davenport: Your jokes are original.

Both the Daily Iowan of S. U. I. and the I. S. C. Student of Ames had St. Patrick day numbers to celebrate the occasion.

In the last issue of the Spirit we gave among the list of our exchanges the Oracle, N. H. S., Des Moines. This was a mistake as the Oracle has not yet made its appearance.

The following exchanges have been added to our list since our last issue: The Spectator, Waterloo; The Record, Sioux City. New college papers received are: The Cornelian, Cornell; The Weekly Highlander, Highland Park; The College Eye, Cedar Falls; The Collegium Forense, D. M. C., Des Moines The Iowa Alumnus, S. U. I., Iowa City; The Cosmos, Coe, Cedar Rapids.

Tom: "What have you got that bandage around your head for?"

Bill: "A thought struck me."

Friend: "Come quick! Your husband is under the sofa doing the queerest stunts and swearing awfully."

Wife: "That's nothing! John's going to get an automobile next week and he's practicing up so he won't feel awkward."

Taken from some Geometry papers:

A perpendicular line is one that goes in the other direction.

Question: What is a curve?

Answer: A curve is a line that turns at the end and is not level.



# LOCAL AND SOCIAL



A crowd of High School girls enjoyed a dinner party at the home of Miss Lollie Loughran '14, and afterward attended the Princess.

A birthday party in honor of Miss Florence Watkins, was given at the home of Miss Ada Cameron on March 4th.

Sallie McElyea gave a theater party at the Princess in honor of Hazel McCall, Doris Ambrose, Florence Bell and Eva Kurtz of Nevada.

Miss Helen King and Miss Ada Cameron were week end visitors of Miss Doris Ambrose of Nevada.

Fred Greenlee, who was home from Davenport recuperating was a visitor in the High School.

Miss Hazel McCall, Doris Ambrose, Florence Bell and Eva Kurtz, of Nevada, were delightfully entertained with a chafing dish luncheon at the home of Miss Violet Pammel.

Lisle Minert has returned to Ames High. It's a pretty good place after all.

Mildred Dodds '14 celebrated her fifteenth birthday at her home north of town. Fifteen couples enjoyed the occasion and presented Mildred with a gold jewel case.

St. Patrick's day failed to receive a celebration this year, as it fell on Sunday. However, a few people "wearin' the green" were in evidence on Monday morning.

The Juniors are making elaborate plans for the annual Junior-Senior reception, to be held in May. The date and place for holding the reception are as yet undecided.

Lee Henry, an ex. '13, leaves with his parents the latter part of the month for Michigan, where they will make their future home.

Hazel Gilchrist '13 was compelled to miss a few days of school on account of illness.

Miss Crawford: "Give me the Latin word for give."

Russell Rogers: "Do' no."

Clark Tilden '15 entertained the High School Y. M. C. A. recently. The Bible lesson was conducted by Mr. H. Clark, after which games were played and refreshments served.

Miss Anita Meltzer '12 gave a reading for the Nonpareil club at the home of Mrs. Waldo Stultz. Anita's readings are always greatly sought after and appreciated.

At a banquet given by the Baraccas, in honor of the Philatheas in the Christian church parlors, toasts were given by Misses Julia Arnold and Lura Buckton alumni of Ames High and also by Miss Ione Hauser '14.

At one of our recent assemblies Mr. Leonard Paulson gave an interesting talk to the high school. Mr. Paulson also had charge of the High School Y. M. C. A. meeting that evening. He is soon to leave for India where he is to take up Y. M. C. A. work. The girls quartette also sang a selection at this assembly and were heartily encored as they always are.

Miss Stoddard, formerly an instructor in Ames High, has been acting as substitute in the Brooklyn High School. She has been working in the English department there.

Miss Watkins, who was drawing teacher in Ames High for some time, is at Ashland, Oregon, thoroughly enjoying her work.

Mrs. Cushman, formerly Miss Mildred Dunning, visited Ames High a short time ago.

Mr. Roach recently took his Physics class down to the city power house to inspect it. Mr. Roach certainly knows how to make things interesting and practical for his classes.

Two new pupils, Bessie and Adolphus Cretsinger, have entered the Freshman class for the remainder of the year.

Mr. Fred McClennahan, State Inspector of High Schools, visited Ames High a short time ago.

Mr. Hicks was one of the judges of the Northwest District Oratorical Contest held at Denison, Friday evening, March 15th.

It has been reported that Mr. Champlin is not always at home on Sundays. Where does he go?

The Knights of Sir Galahad, a class in the Congregational Sunday school, of whom several are high school boys, held their annual banquet at the Y. M. C. A. building. Paul Storm '12 acted as toastmaster and toasts were given by Leslie Lynch '14 and Julius Beach '13.

There are eight contestants this year in the Declamatory Contest, which is to be given April 12th. This is preliminary to the High School Chautauqua Contest in August, in which the High Schools of the county participate. Of the Senior class the contestants are Daisy Mellor and Blanche Hyler. of the Junior Gladys Hultz and Margaret Noble, of the Sophomore Veta Greer and Frank Mixa and Harry White of the Freshman class. The winner of this contest receives five dollars in gold and, if also a winner in the contest between the high school, is given an additional five dollars. Every con-



testant is given a ticket to Chautauqua. Miss Alice McElrath has been secured by the school board to give the contestants two weeks of training. This is something which has never been done before. Any special training was secured by the individual pupil.

The spring vacation began the first of April. "Here's hoping" everyone enjoyed his vacation and has come back prepared for better work.

The Dissenter Literary Society entertained the Junto Society at the H. S. assembly room Friday evening, March 22nd. A program was given, consisting chiefly of a mock trial in which Julius Beach as Miss Junto sued Harry Greenlee as Mr. Dissenter, for breach of promise. The entertainment was much enjoyed and after the program delightful refreshments were served.

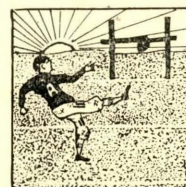
The Sophomore class party was the only one not in time for our last issue. It was held at the home of Pres. Stanton, Miss Mildred Potts '14 being a niece of Mrs. Stanton. The rooms were daintily decorated in valentines to keep in touch with the approaching fourteenth. The program consisted of short speeches and numerous games. One feature of the evening was the contest to find the most popular person present. The prize, a class pennant was won by the president of the class, Frank Mixa. Dainty refreshments were served in the latter part of the evening allowing plenty of time to make the last car to town. The chaperones Misses Schreiner and Payton highly complimented the class on their entertainment and will always be willing to help the Fourteens in their social stunts. The class is very grateful to Pres. and Mrs. Stanton for their kindness in letting the class use their home on such an occasion.

Preparations are already in progress for the several features of Commencement. A class meeting was held on February 19th and a committee consisting of Marvin Russell, Ada Cameron and Harriette Wilkinson was appointed to meet with Miss Schreiner and the trainer, Miss McElrath to select a class play. The committee has held one meeting and several plays are under consideration, but as yet none has been decided upon.

The '12 class is very fortunate in securing Miss Alice McElrath from the college as trainer not only for the class play but also for class day exercises. Previously the latter has been in the hands of a committee with the teachers help; but with the new arrangements it will not be so hard on anyone and the public may expect an excellent program.

The High School is always ready to listen to the Girls' Glee Club whenever they sing. There is only the regret that they do not sing oftener for us. The girls show great improvement as a result of careful training.

# ATHLETIC



IN YEARS past the High School Athletic Association has not accomplished much and has had little power. The chief causes for its failure to do anything definite were that the Association was loosely organized and that it lacked a good written constitution.

This year it is planned to put High School athletics on a firm footing so that they will be profitable financially and otherwise. The Association has been reorganized and the Athletic Council has worked out a good constitution. These two movements will undoubtedly put our athletics where they should be.

On March 19th a meeting of the Association was held and about forty new members taken in. The new constitution was read and then discussed. Some of the questions brought up were left over to be referred to the Athletic Council. Some of the principal rules of the constitution are:

1. No ineligible student can vote for a captain, hold office or represent the school.
2. 5 per cent of the profit from each contest shall be put into a sinking fund. No money can be drawn from this fund except by special action of the Athletic Council.
3. Only those who belong to the Athletic Association can use the goods owned by it.
4. Any student who uses or lends the Association's goods to be used in any other than a High School contest is liable to a fine of \$1.00 and other penalty.
5. Higher requirements for "A."
  - a. For Track—First place in a dual meet or a point in an invitation meet of ten schools or more or in the State Meet.
  - b. For Base Ball.—Four winning or tied games. Seven innings make a game.
  - c. Foot Ball.—Two quarters of any three conference games, two of which must be either winning or tied.
6. The classes shall organize separate teams. First team men will engage in class track meets but will be barred from other class contests.

Now that a few have come together and put the Association on a good basis it is the duty of every boy in High School to join it and give it support. It only costs 50c and each member



has the privilege of using the Association's goods. Now when the Association's representative comes around sign your name, pay your 50c and then boost.

Special stress is laid on the proposition of class teams. Before this time there has been little class spirit. Now that the classes are all organized each one is going to get up its own athletic teams and there will be a battle royal for the supremacy. Here is a chance for every boy to show what he can do. If he doesn't make the first team, he will be sure to help his class. This is especially for the benefit of the younger fellows who do not make the first teams.

#### TRACK

For many reasons the outlook for a good track team this year is especially good. Very few of the old men were graduated and nearly all the others are back in school and on the job.

The home meet will be held on the college track. Every boy in school is eligible to enter this meet and it is the duty of every one to come out and help his class win points. This will be a chance for the younger fellows to come out and show what they can do. Besides the Marshalltown meet, April 27th, Ames is to be represented in several invitation meets at the Tri-State Meet at Keokuk and at the State Meet at Des Moines.

On March 12th the track men elected Raymond Jones captain for this spring. Ray has made a name for himself in Iowa High School athletics. He is a good student and athlete and is sure to make a good track captain.

#### BASE BALL

All but two of last year's base ball men are back in school this year. With this and other promising new material, the prospects for another championship team look very good. At the time of this writing no games have yet been scheduled although several are under consideration.

This year's team will have quite a responsibility to shoulder if it equals last season's record. It will be remembered that last year's team won every game on its schedule.

On March 13th the base ball men elected Will Davis captain. The vote was unanimous. "Bill" made a reputation as one of the best high school foot ball players in the state last fall. He is just as good in base ball and is sure to lead the nine through a successful season.

The following statement is the contents of a press telegram. It is taken from a letter received from Mr. Jenner, a former Ames High coach who is now connected with the Brush Colorado, High School:

"The Fort Morgan, Colorado, High School basket ball team with five years of experience and coaching and with an unbroken chain of victories plus the state championship title, went down in defeat to the Brush, Colorado, High School last night. The score was 28 to 18. In one season Coach Jenner has developed this championship team from raw material. Every man on the team played like a veteran."

#### GIRLS BASKET BALL

It is high time that the girls of Ames High are beginning to think of basket ball once more and to make active plans for a glorious season.

The report has been circulated that many of the girls of last years first team are seriously contemplating dropping out, but no loyal girl, who really has the right high school spirit, and who is really proud of old Ames High and her fame, is going to quit that she may attend a few more parties and dances, or read a few more novels she doesn't need. Aside from the benefit gained, high school days will soon be over and we don't want some new team in three or four years to say, "Yes, we are the first team they have had for some time, you know the girls in nineteen twelve gave it up, just lost interest seemingly!"

Our girls do not want to give up. They want to finish what they have started, and so all of the loyal ones will be back in the spring doing their best to make Ames known as one of the best basket ball towns on the map. And please remember, there is always a place for new girls. Even if you do not wish to play, join the association; help us out on finances if nothing else.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The High School Y. M. C. A. is still holding its meetings every Tuesday evening. There is now a membership of over twenty. The boys are doing some splendid work at their meetings but we wish more members of the upper classes would take advantage of this organization.

Mrs. Curtiss has been a great help to the boys, attending when she could and always ready to help them with plans.

Mr. Horace Clark, I. S. C. '15, has been able to attend most of the meetings and help the boys along.

Mr. Leonard Paulson, the state secretary of the Boys department, led the meeting of March 12th, and gave the boys a good boost.

Come on boys and help make the Y. M. C. A. a winner.



## DISSENTERS

Officers were again elected February 8th. The result of the election was as follows:

President—Harry Greenlee.

Vice president—Marion Russell.

Secretary—Howard Park.

Treasurer—Leslie Lynch.

Marshal—Mr. Champlin.

Program Committee—Harry Greenlee, Howard Park, Clair Taylor, Paul Storm and Mr. Champlin.

The programs this term have been very good. In most of the meetings, there has been a well prepared debate for the main part of the program. At one meeting, Jay Clements read one of his short stories that would have been hard to equal, and at another, Mr. Champlin proved that he was a poet as well as a school teacher.

The society adjourned for the year the last Thursday evening before spring vacation.

## JUNTO

The first meeting of the Girls Literary society for the second semester was held on February the second. After the reading of the constitution new names for membership were accepted and the following officers elected for the semester:

President—Genevieve Graves.

Vice President—Jeannette Knapp.

Secretary—Loretta Harriman.

Treasurer—Edith Curtiss.

Chaplain—Harriette Wilkinson.

Guard—Martha Farnum.

The programs this spring have been especially interesting. On February 9th the Juntos enjoyed a Valentine program followed by a Valentine box. February being the birthday month of two of our greatest statesmen, programs were given in honor of Lincoln and Washington. We also have enjoyed studying the poets Riley, Field and Longfellow as well as the statesmen. The girls all learned of the latest styles in millinery, hair dressing, etc., in a Ladies Home Journal program. Friday, March 15th was Junto Guest Day, each member was permitted to invite a guest. Including the members about sixty five were present, after a St. Patrick's program, refreshments consisting of white ice cream with a green shamrock in the center, green frosted cakes representing blarney stones and green stick candy (shillelahs) were served in room 3. The last meeting of Junto for this semester was to be a spring number, held on March 22nd.

## ALUMNI NOTES

The class of '08 should feel greatly honored in that one of their members, Miss Ruth Barrett, was honor student in the General Science course at I. S. C. this year. Miss Barrett also won in the "Bomb" contest for the most popular girl at I. S. C. and added to her laurels by being the author of the play "Erin Go Braugh," which was chosen by the committee for the Senior Class Play Commencement week.

Ben Walker '09 has been elected for the coming year as editor-in-chief of the "Agriculturist," the college Agricultural paper published by the Ag students.

Dr. Lew Willey '07 who has been an instructor in Bacteriology in Minnesota University for almost a year was home to visit his parents on Sixth street for some time this winter. He attended the Vet banquet in Des Moines while here.

Misses Beulah Hoot and Delia Swain both '11 visited high school one day not long ago.

Nine members of the '08 and one from the class of '07 will graduate from the Iowa State College this year.

Elizabeth Canaday was the winner of the Cliolian Literary Society Oratorical Contest this spring, and will represent her society in the Inter-Society contest to be held in the near future.

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It is interesting to note that 22 of the 47 members of the class of 1911 have entered the various departments of I. S. C. Four others have entered various other schools, seven are teaching school, and the rest are preparing in some way to enter college this next fall.

Dayton Bolles and the writer will both enter in the semi-finals for the Kennedy cup debating trophy at the college this spring, and one or the other will be in the finals, as they are pitted against each other in the semi-finals, the former being one of the Delphian Literary Society's three representatives, the latter helping to represent the Welch Literary Society. Miss Muriel Griggs is an alternate on the former team. The debate is scheduled for about the first Friday after the spring vacation.

Lewis Sherman is attending the Four C's in Des Moines this year, but still holds to his intention of attending Ann Arbor in the near future.

Verne E. Wasser '10 was a participant in the Triangular debate between Ames, Drake and Grinnell this past month, debating against the Drake team on the I. S. C. platform.

Earl Smith '09 taught school most of the winter in an "incorrigible" school up near Zeoring, Iowa. Needless to say, the school in question has lost that appended title now.

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